

SATIRES

ON THE

~~249~~ 118

TIMES.

IN TWO PARTS.

O. Rogers & Co. Moral



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Author, and Sold by R. and J. DODSLEY;

MDCCLXIII.

[Price Two Shillings.]

SEITAS

ON THE

STALONIT





SAATIRIES

ON THE

TIMES.



TIMES of Yore thro' Great Possessors fam'd,
O! NAMES for ever sacred to Renown,
Could your pale Ghosts, arising from the

Tomb,

View the *degenerate* Sons who call you SIRS,
What Indignation must you feel to see
That *former* Coat of Honor, now the Sign
Owners of Wealth by Thousands to declare;
Whose flaunting Equipage the Vulgar scoff,
Appriz'd *what* Individuals ride within.

A

Where

Where *One* with retrospective Look attends
 TH' illustrious Stem from whence his Being sprung,
 Convinced that Want of Merit in himself
 Degrades the lofty Privilege of Birth,
 Through Ancestors ennobled *Thousands* live,
 But from Themselves deriving only Shame.

Not thus unheded by the Public Eye,
 Not hail'd with Exclamations of Contempt,
 Those ancient Nobles walk'd the Crowd of Life;
 Distinguish'd each by Stamp of *proper* Deeds,
 Their Praises dwelt on ev'ry Speaker's Tongue,
 And e'er the Man was seen, his Worth was known;
Here the stout WARRIOR, full of valiant Blood,
 And skill'd experience'd in condescending Fields,
There STATESMEN those, of uncorrupted Faith,
 Vers'd in the *saving* Science, *long extinct*,
 To rule with *sparing*, yet effectual Hand:
 SENATES and COURTS in *real* Grandeur met;
 Less bright with empty Pomp's exterior Shew,
 Than inward Dignity's transcendent Rays.

With joyful Voices and with Hearts unfeign'd,
 Subjects to Merit so conspicuous paid

QUALITIES ON THE TIER.

The loud Reward of Homages *unbought* in shelter, rather
Not warm as *new* with PARTY's factious Heat,
But conscious of Desert before Applause.

That FAME, *now so uncommon*, should surround
PATRIOTS existing in sincerer Days,
That Rank of Birth, Preeminence of State,
Procur'd respectful Awe from all Degrees,
None, vers'd in storied Pages, will admire;
So ripe at present, DEPRAVATION then,
But stain'd the Reputation of a few;
The rest with gen'rous Emulation fir'd,
Constant *paternal* Honor's Path pursued;
And Rivals more of *Glory* than of *Style*,
TITLES despis'd in Spite of Meaning fram'd.

Forgetfulness of Reason's obvious Claim,
Had not eraz'd that fundamental Law,
Parents observ'd—*their Progeny to rear*—
Whose docile Minds by *their* Instruction form'd,
And Lives tenacious of *their* virtuous Theme,
Till Death preserv'd th' *hereditary* Pledge.

To strictest Truth injur'd from *early* Day,
The Duties of *their* Casting to revere,

THE

A 2

Their

Their spotless Infancy to Youth arriv'd,
Unsustain'd with *modern Levity of Soul*,
That common Curse our Negligence infills,
Perverting Nature in its tender Prime.

For thinking fitted through maturer Age,
The splendid Seminaries of the Land,
(*Now* the dull Jest of every vacant Fool,
Whose weighty Purse his Want of Thought supplies,
But rev'renc'd in our Father's better Mind,)
With Institutes, whose Practice dignifies,
The Discipline of Education crown'd.

Where sacred Wisdom, blended with profane,
By Day, by Night, their Faculties employ'd;
Where ample Lessons from that Fund sublime,
Flown through the learned Pens of GREECE and ROME,
Where deem'd a *necessary* Task to know;
Where sage Historic Eloquence reviv'd
Transactions fam'd of Periods gone before;
And through the Light of great Examples, taught
Those Arts to serve their Country, now unknown.

Ripen'd with Speculation of the past,
Nor less in actual Scenes of Things compleat,

The

SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

5

The modest Candidate to Life appear'd;
Led by paternal Care, his studious Eye,
The Nature of Domestic Systems knew,
Ere licens'd to explore the World abroad;
Not sent, as *now*, to wander in his Teens,
Unguided by Discretion's wary Reign,
In Quest of costly Vanities to stray.

With *previous* Knowledge of his Duty fraught,
And more in *Conduct*, than in *Years* a Man,
He ventures forth the distant Climes to view;
Their Sense, their Manners, Policy and Laws;
How with distinctive Eye to note Mankind;
In what to censure Nations, or approve:
The secret Paths to sudden Grandeur found:
The rapid Stream that hurries to Decay:
Th' immortal Spirit *here*, of daily Toil,
Industrious Parent of unbounded Wealth:
There, Sloth and Indolence with pining Looks,
And Want and Mis'ry following close behind.

Induc'd to Courts, the Test of noble Deeds,
Unfalsified Lustre of Extractions proves,
Respected by the Brave, the Wise, and Great,
He shines with Gen'als, Ministers, and Kings.

Such

SATIRES ON THE TIMES

Such were the Travellers of ancient Days, who born old
Supporters of this Nation's foreign Fame.

Inrich'd with Notice of the various Realms,
They now return their Native Soil to grace;
—Proud in a Line of such exalted Sons.

Nor think content with ~~what would now be held~~
A Prize of hardest Measure to attain,
They let their Talents rest so well improv'd;
Such tempting Glories still in Prospect lie,
DISTINCTION'S Voice so powerfully calls,
In all such eager Kennels to excel,
No Respite, no Tranquillity could stay
Their active Disposition to aspire.

Of Men like *these* our SENATES were compos'd,
Who thought, who spoke, who acted for themselves:
Through *such* a Combination was the Land
Rescued from Tyranny's impending Chains.

Rapt into Times too former to recall,
Times, when their Public Souls to Valour join'd,
With Patriots fill'd the Senatorial Hall,

View

SATIRE S ON THE TIMES.

View them, unvei'd in metecury Lore,
Bare their stout Hearts *without a Bribe* inflam'd,
And scorn the Crowns of ROYALTY severe;
Equally resolute in either Day,
Of Council, or of Terror in the Field;
And steel'd with Minds invulnerably Proof
Against CORRUPTION, open or disguis'd;

Nor with *late* Glories wrongfully mist,;
Deem yourselves greater in the Deeds of War;
That Catalogue of Warriors first peruse,
Who fill'd the woeful List of Civil Rage,
When Discord, from infernal Mansions sprung,
Drench'd these fierce Nations in their noblest Blood;
Tell the long Roll of those whose vengeful Swords,
Did Freedom's Rights *too cruelly* assert;
Or those unfullied Victims who expir'd
A fruitless Sacrifice for Regal Sway:
Have martial Feats of more resplendent Fame,
Since that ill-fated Age your Annals crown'd?
—Or since those still more celebrated Days,
When with auspicious Usurpation bold,
The DREAD PROTECTOR of this *conqu'ring* State,
Struck Pannick Fear through ev'ry Nation round;

When

6
S A T I R E S O N T H E T I M E S .

When *English* Arms the Sister Realms subdued, nor did they
Tore Ocean's Empire from *Batavian* Fleets, nor did they
Curb'd the Presumption of ambitious FRANCE, nor did they
Destroy'd the proud Remains of haughty SPAIN, nor did they
And shook each Quarter of th' astonish'd World? nor did they
Equal they shone in warlike Worth, but far
Above the Motion of your humbler Soar,
In that which dignifies the Human Kind,
Reflective Consciousness of Truth unshain'd.
For *these* were Men of Principles *unbought*;
Who fram'd their steady purpose from the Rule
That SELF-CONVICTION bears in ev'ry Breast;
And, if erroneous in their Judgment, still
With manly Firmness *faithful* to their Cause.

To that more distant Period if you turn,
When *England's* matchless QUEEN the Scepter bore,
See her brave People's tow'ring Spirit rise
To Heights their Ancestors had never known:
See them encircle this stupendous Globe,
Founders of Colonies the Regions round;
Behold Her pow'ful INFLUENCE extend
To each far stretching Empire's utmost Bound;

Behold

SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

9

Behold her dauntless Navy's thund'ring Line,
Diffusing Terror through subjected Seas;
See the vain-boasting Armament combin'd,
From ev'ry Province of his vast Domains,
By that stern Potentate whose Tyrant Yoke
She taught his injur'd Vassals to defy:
Behold it scatter'd o'er the storming Main,
Before her *Heav'n-assisted* Colours fly;
And with wide-spreading Infamy become
The *signal Trophy* of her *glorious Reign*.

Who can forget a DRAKE's triumphant Name?
That daring Man whose *unexampled* Eye
First kenn'd around this sublunary Sphere;
Nor in the Soldier's Knowledge less inform'd,
Led his successful Bands to furthest Shores;
Spanish Rapacity's victorious Foe,

What *English* Records dwell not with Applause
On Him, whose high Remembrance still endures
The Wonder of the Hero and the Sage,
ILLUSTRIous RALEIGH? whose *unlimited* Mind
Embrac'd the *Universal Plan of All*;
Unerring Guide in Thought's laborious Maze.

B

Archibute

Ae while with Philosophic Pen describes
The Scheme of Policy's extensive Aims;
And with sagacious Probity detects,
Of trait'rous Ministry, the hidden Clue;
Then, on Imagination's Pinions born,
Blended with MEDITATION's graver Lays,
The Passions He with Energy controuls,
Nor less with Ethic Sentiment enchants;
Or with the Stores of ancient Science fraught,
With eloquential Flow of nervous Sense,
And ev'ry lively Flower Narration bears,
Relates the Passages of *A*eras past,
And draws the Picture of departed Times;
Or anxious for his Country's common Weal,
He now emerges from the pensive Cell,
In Arms resurgent on the bloody Plain,
To stem the Torrent of opposing Hosts,
And turn the Fortune of the dubious Fight;
Now foremost in the Rank of naval Sway,
He rides unvanquish'd on the foaming Wave,
Impressing with Affright each hostile Coast;
Or carried on the Wings of deep Designs,
With penetrative Sight of Things to come,

SATIRE 8 ON THE TIMES.

He heads th' advent'rous Tribes to Climes remote,
Forerunners of a People yet unborn,
INSTRUCTIVE CHIEFTAIN, whose capacious Soul
Fathom'd Futurity's profound Abyss;
And, taught by Reason's calculated Pow'rs,
Laid the Foundations of that Pile immense,
Of Civil Freedom with Commercial bound,
Through *persevering* Resolution's Toil,
Accomplish'd in the Course of After Years.

Curst be that Monarch vile, whose hateful Hand
Cou'd this GREAT Mortal's fatal Doom decree;
And despicably lost to Sense of Shame,
Perdition drew on this unhappy Land.

Inspir'd by Crowds of WORTHIES such as *these*,
The Genius of that memorable Age,
In ev'ry Branch of Merit fully shone;
—Whether their valiant Inclinations prompt
In Deeds of Arms their Prowess to display,
Or with more gentle Inspiration mov'd,
The Province they frequent of milder Arts,
The great PATRICIANS of those nobler Days,
Exemplaries unrival'd yet remain:

12 SATIRE SION THE TIMES.

For, blest not only with the Muse's Bays,
And ev'ry liberal Ornament that flows
From educated Nature's polish'd Laws,
And with Integrity's unfaded Blaze,
Above the Measure of your scant Pretence,
They too, in Horrors of Tempestuous War,
Knew the victorious Laurel to secure;
And, with the Thirst of Fame alone impell'd,
Not with the sordid Views that now prevail,
Champions undaunted on the Stage of Death,
Excell'd in All you make your present Boast.

Behold them rushing forth in Time of Need,
Not idly canvassing the distant Fight,
Nor blaming Chiefs unconscious of their Worth,
But boldly marching to the deadly Plain,
And sharing both the Danger and Renown;
For, Strangers to that *enervating* Ease,
Nature's corrupted Habits now require,
They scorn'd inglorious Lives of Peace at Home;
Nor shameless deem'd, while *England's* active Friends
In daily Battle prov'd, encounter'd Fate,
With Calmness undisturb'd to hear the Tale;
Forward they sallied where the rising State

Of

Of BELGIUM, *sinking now*, maintain'd its Ground;
Potent Supporters of its Infant Growth,
Against the Threats of sanguinary Wrath;

—Or on that Spot where *English* Steel of old,
Slaughter and Desolation dealt around

The proud all-grasping *Gaul's* late humbled Realm;
Tho' not, as then, to vent their hostile Rage,
But from a Foe's Oppression to defend;

—Or where fell SUPERSTITION's bloody Seat
Defiles *Iberian* Vales with Christian Gore;

Here stood the central Dwelling of that Race,
Whose Projects vast of limitless Command,
The Universe's Combination rous'd,

With Ruin, long provok'd, to overwhelm;
First in the righteous Opposition rose

This LAND of FREEDOM,—and her Legions pour'd,
Assistant in that equitable Fray—

View the Atchievements of an ESSEX bold,
Whose lofty Temper no Subjection bore,
And brought his Greatness to untimely End;

View him with animating Courage gain,
Of Valour and of Skill th' united Palm:

—Lo, an intrepid VERE's victorious Arm,

With

14 SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

With Force unequal, Numbers overpower:
Lo, a dread NORRIS with unconquer'd Might,
The Cities storm, or Armies overthrow;
Lo, ripe for *Heav'n*, triumphant SIDNEY fall,
The Pride of HEROES, and of all MANKIND.

IMMORTAL SIDNEY! born to grace a COURT,
Or in the CAMP'S TRIBUNAL sit supreme;
Form'd with a GENERAL'S Head and SOLDIER'S Heart,
No less to give than execute Command;
NOBLEST of Subjects, whose IMPERIAL Brows,
Prov'd, by refusing, they deserv'd a CROWN;
Prime on the List of those who never die;
Whose matchless Praise beyond an equal soars.

O! Mirror of the present as the past,
Of peerless Merit everlasting Theme;
Long may thy Name, in ev'ry Voice rever'd,
Live without End in Memory to come;
Retrieve the Sentiment of HONOR lost,
And Light restoring to these *gloomy* Days,
Kindle the virtuous Flame in every Breast;
Spur'd with the Praise of imitating *thee*,
Let who *superior* Origin pretend,

Respect,

Respect, with Actions not inferior, claim;
Whose Military Souls delight in War,
From thy undaunted Spirit snatch the Fire;
Thy gen'rous Bosom let each Courtier breathe,
And act, like thee, with Elegance and Truth;
His Plan from thine the Man of State assume,
While Policy and Justice hold the Scale;
And You, the Substitutes of Heav'n and Earth,
Whose awful Sceptres govern all below,
That Model of Sublimity revive,
Whose Rank above a Diadem aspir'd;
Like *him* in VIRTUE'S Eminence array'd,
The bright Possession's Excellence esteem
Above the Royal Pageant of a THRONE;
Nor think th' affected Splendor of a COURT,
The Rays of Might your Temples that surround,
From Judgment screen the Majesty of Kings.

Return from Glories past to present Shame;
Of low CONTEMPT, where drooping in the Vale,
From *ancient* Dates our Vanity we feed:
Where, seated on the Summit of Renown,
ANTIQUITY reproves this modern Race,
Sunk in DEGEN'RACY'S avowed Extreme;

Of

Of each *perverting* Art, adoptive Slaves, *each* *infernal*
Each INFAMY of Home or Foreign Mart, *each* *infernal*
Fond by Conformity to make their own; *each* *infernal*
And if Dishonour could confer the Bays, *each* *infernal*
In deepest Rivalship of each Disgrace, *each* *infernal*
Victorious by their constant Practice found. *each* *infernal*

Nor say th' Assertion's strong in Words alone,
Let the convincing Proof of Facts appear.

Trace the Proud Seed of lofty Pedigree,
From Entrance into Life to ripest Man;
The Means to fit him for the Vogue pursu'd;
The Maxims inculcated in the Child;
The Lessons treasur'd in his forward YOUTH;
The Talk on his Maturity impos'd;
Then sum the Whole, and weigh the full Amount—
What Stile, what Appellation shall it bear?
SENSE, LEARNING, PRETTY? but these are Words
That speak the just Reverse; oh! then proclaim
VICE, IGNORANCE, and FOLLY,—and proceed
The Tale of Detestation to expose.

Describe the tender Babe, of that bereft,
Nature bestows on All, the *Breath of Air*,

As if CONTAGION tainted every Spot,
But *that, infected most*, where Nurses dwell;
Wrapt in the Prison of unnumber'd Folds,
View his reluctant Limbs condemn'd to rest;
Fatal Endeavours of *destructive* Care,
His Texture's gentle Form to beautify;
As if Existence's sole End and Aim
Consisted in the *Picture* of a Man.

Are these the Methods Bodies to prepare,
Selected by their Station to endure
The wintry Horrors of a frozen Sky?
To dare the Blasts when Northern Tempests blow,
And sleep the dreary Nights on Beds of Ice?
In endless Toil whose stern Profession lies,
From when the Morning's early Sun ascends,
Till the pale Moon performs her nightly round,
And then till Darkness flies before the Day:
Will such a Frame support the Weight of War,
The Coat of Steel to brave surrounding Death,
Th' unweildy Sabre and the heavy Gun,
The double Stores on some important Hour,
And all the Military Loads of Camp and Field?

C

To

To mental Dawn his Infancy avid,
 How soon officious Slavishness informs,
 Of every *false* Privilege of Birth?
 How soon of Cringing Arts the mental Strain,
 With DOMINEERING HAUGHTINESS inspires?

The *charitable* Duty who performs?

Who dares, intrusive on his lordly Pride,
 Whisper th' Impertinence of hateful Truth?

That e'en the GREAT CREATOR of the World
 Made Him and ev'ry Wretch that begs his Bread,
 That *equal* to them all, he values none,
 For Benefits deriv'd from him alone;
 That MERIT, *Word of Dread* where not possess'd,
 MERIT *ennobles*, not the Pow'r of KINGS.

Custom and Growth of Years conduct to School;
 Where if the kind Munificence of Fate
 Has with Intelligence his Nature form'd,
 And Soul the Ridicule and Shame to scorn
 Of IGNORANCE in WEALTH and TITLES drest,
 Though *base Compliance* in pedantic Guise,
 Leave him a Guidance to himself *at large*,
 Improving, if he please, in ev'ry Vice,

OT

And

SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

19

And drinking at Discretion Folly's Draught,
The stronger Genius of his *natal* Hour
May vanquish those mean Obstacles, and rise
To Merit equal with *inferior* Rank;
But where this Rarity attested stands,
What Numbers perish in the vicious Stream,
Where plung'd betimes Youth is for ever lost?
No bold Intruder asks the Reason why,
No supercilious Hindrance in the Way;
For here CORRECTION dares not lift the Wand;
Parental Tenderness would feel the Wound,
And smart at ev'ry Lash the Rod bestow'd;
Beware ye Tutors, nor in vain pretend
T'invert the Disposition of the Times:
Parents would frown, were Darlings to presume,
In VIRTUOUS CONTRADICTION to arise.
—Content with annual Pay, your Portion take,
Daily to preach your ineffectual Theme.

For COLLEGE ripe, *too bulky* for a School,
He fills the Term to Cap and Gown decreed;
His more capacious Spirit now extends
To Feats that favour his FUTURITY;

He drinks, he whores, he quarrels, runs in debt,
He shines with Gamesters, and he learns to cheat;
Forecasts in Embrio the Plan of Life,
His fertile Brain presents him of the Town.

Transplanted here at last, what Eye shall trace
The Maze he runs INIQUITY to find?
What Measure bounds, where Wealth has ev'ry Charm,
The Range of Appetite to gratify?

Tir'd with the narrow Scene of Sin at Home,
He sighs at length t' enlarge his Taste abroad:

O! Muse, his wondrous Qualities declare;
Endowments in his Calling to excel;
With what Attention his minutest Care
Catches Resemblances of Men and Things;
Of Men, not such whose Eminence is seen
In SENATES, CAMPS, or SCIENCES of PEACE,
But whose *Exterior* like his own refin'd,
Bespeaks the vast Vacuity within;
Of Things which never claim Reflection's Glance,
Where Judgment rules; whose Elegance and Use,
Escape all Penetration but his own;
A Tale of Scandal, or a Jest obscene,

With

SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

With filthy Repetition still resum'd,
The fashionable Glitter of a Dress
His Admiration for a Year commands;
Or nice Dimensions of an envied Suit,
Deprive him of his Slumbers till attain'd;
While Depth of Toil in Matters so profound,
Permits no Leisure to his studious Soul,
Think you the precious Gift of sacred Time,
Employ'd to Purposes of no Amount?
When the full Date of Travel is expir'd,
The mighty Round perform'd; he now returns,
Inrich'd with all the Fopp'ry of the World;
Who hangs like him the Weapon of his Thigh?
Who rivals his Dexterity of Heel?
Whose *learned Body* bends with equal Grace?
Whose skilful Hand the kind Salute bestows,
With lower'd Crest submissive to the Ground,
Or from the Lips with gentle Touch convey'd?
Whose Phrase embroider'd with *politest Sounds*,
Of *Meaning* consciousless can *sweetly* flow?
Whose Mind disburthen'd of the Weight of *Thought*,
Whose *copious* Speech, of all but *Sense* profuse,
Whose Life, like his, in all but *Worth* abounds?

Ask not whose Conspicuity supreme, *his* King or COUNTRY'S primest Honors wears; *his* Wisdom in the CIVIL STATE presides; *his* martial Knowledge occupies the FIELD; *his* piercing Understanding, like the Sun, diffuses Light on ev'ry Sphere around; *his* Whether he compasses this Earth below, Describes the Tracts immense of Heav'n above, Or, glowing with Affection to Mankind, Invents or perfects beneficial Arts; *his* Whose Bosom, smitten with the Muses Fire, Inchant with graceful, or with Pen sublime; Lifting Imagination to the Skies, Or waking all Sensations to Delight; *his* Whose Pregnancy of Talent can inspire MARBLE or BRASS obedient to his Hands, Or bid enliven'd CANVASS speak to Sight.

Inquire him not in such superior Scenes; *his* Intellectual Brilliancy's Extent Reaches perhaps the Merit of a Song, Bursting in Warbles from a female Throat, Or softly gliding from the Breast *unman'd*;

On

On these his Judgment adequately falls;
Critic complete in ev'ry various Branch
Of vocal Strains anatomiz'd to Sound.

These are the Darlings of this flutt'ring Age,
SOV'REIGN DICTATORS, whose precise Commands,
Admiring Crowds are forward to obey;
Whose splendid Forms with Imitation strike,
Not only FOPS and FOOLS, but WISE and GRAVE;
With Might of TYRANT MULTITUDE oppress;
For long ago the Maxim was receiv'd,
WISDOM is FOLLY *when beset with* FOOLS,
But WISDOM *still if dress'd in* FOLLY's GARB.

And now his Soul ambitiously aspires,
The Land as well to govern as adorn;
With Parts so fitted for the double Task,
He'll never miss so excellent an Aim:
See the smooth CANDIDATE in ev'ry Shape,
That gains a welcome Entrance to the Heart
Of Mortals poor in SPIRIT as in PURSE;
The Tale polite on DULNESS to impose,
And that more taking Reason, *ready Pay*;
For who the common Practice can bely,

Through

(Through Right of long Prescription well observ'd,) When Emulation of a wealthy Place,
Or envious Thirst to fill a vacant Seat,
Points the Necessity to make a Friend,
The Price of Money and of Meat propos'd
To all who vend their mercenary Votes,
For public Feasting and for private Bribe?
*For such the trading Temper of the Times,
Prophane or Sacred, all is bought and sold.*

Fix'd in the Senate's dark Recefs attend,
And let his Patriot Fervour be display'd;
But in that thorny Path he seldom treads:
He purchas'd not his Seat like One in Ten,
To think, to speak, to act in *proper Self*,
Officious *Proxies* ease him of the Load:
Active where Duty's Functions never call,
He mounts the Steed, and sounds an open War
With ev'ry Animal that's lawful Game;
Or, if a milder Course of living please,
He delicately breathes with Belles and Beaux,
The peaceful Air of CHELSEA, JAMES, or HYDE;
A Vo'try sworn of HARMONY and TEA.

And

And now the long-hiv'd Sure has left the Stage, and vig
Departed to the Place his Merits claim; A shining
The stated Farce of Mourning drops at last,
And sigh'd-for Splendor gilds the joyful Day;
Lo, the brisk Heir's impatient Wishes crown'd,
His Thousands, Lord unlimited, to spend;
Lo, the bright Stream of Opulence diffus'd;
The glitt'ring Equipages costly shew;
The gaudy Trappings of his menial Train;
The studious Grandeur of his stately Dome;
Of Life's expensive Means the boundless Flow.

Lo, the Magnificence of annual Terms,
The Siege of endless Coaches at his Gates,
The Mansion with Congratulation throng'd,
When Days of bridal or of natal Pride,
Have summon'd in his Hall the Country round;
But who shall tell the Wonders of the Feast?
The Stores of Vegetation's ample Field,
The Quadrupeds that haunt the flow'ry Plains,
Or fly to Forests from the Search of Men,
The feather'd Legions, and the funny Race,
Beast, Bird, and Fish, of every Name and Clime?
Who shall that *uncreating* Skill expose,

D

That

That gives them ev'ry Form except their own;
The various Arts that *Mani* of human Taste
Invents to make them worthy of his Board?

These are the noble Steps by which he climbs
To that full Summit of reputed Fame,
That VANITY prepares for *wealthy* Fools;
-HOMAGE polite the gentle Circle pays,
The *serious* CORPORATION hails him round,
Rever'd with Deputations from the Shire,
And deafen'd as he passes with Applause.

Now trace in hidden Life's obscure Retreat,
His unavailing Treasures latter Scene;
Mark to what Use his Want of Sense condemns
The golden Mass he knows not how to keep;
His Wealth too mighty for his Strength of Head,
Demands Profusion for his better Ease;
And, like a Swell of Waters unconfn'd,
Breaks through the Dams, and pours at ev'ry Sluice;
The CRAFTY KNAVE, whose Breeding sharp of Sight,
The Sot with Semblance of Affection plies,
The RUIN'D CHAMPION of nocturnal Games,
Here best for all the Frowns of Chance repaid:

The

The loathsome Tool when Wantonness inflames
With lewd Desires to fetch the Quarry home ;
And *She* to perjur'd Appetite a Prey,
From PROSTITUTION's Territory rais'd,
The lawless Partner of his guilty Bed :
The CHANNELS *these* through which his leſt'ning Hoards,
With rapid ~~Wings~~^{Wings} to ſwift Deſtruction tend.

S E M I T

D² SATIRES



Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Press of the University of Cambridge.

S A T I R E S

ON THE

T I M E S.

P A R T II.

O Jewel of inestimable Worth,
Disinterested Spirit, whither fled?

Must Britain thy sad Absence still deplore?

A Land where, *once*, thy fullest Strength was prov'd;

Where Titles, Wealth, where every Gift of Earth,

Where Life, to Patriot Zeal, were sacrific'd;

In Glory's Conflict, constant to the last.

Fall'n

Fall'n from that Eminence of ancient Praise,
Whose Conscience; *now*, admits the Blaze of Day?
Whose Breast, secure with INNOCENCE, defies
CENSURE, with venal Meanness, to revile?
Whose Fervour uncorrupted breathes alone
Increase of PUBLIC OBEYANCE or FAME;
While ev'ry *private* With neglected lies,
Or joins th' united Happiness of all?

Whose bold Pretence these Honours dare avow?
Whether, concealed in Wisdom's close Recefs,
Of SCIENCES and ARTS he works the Mine;
Hunts the perplexing Labyrinth of LAWS;
Inquires the Causes Nations rise and fall;
Vers'd in the Policy of STATES and KINGS,
The proper Means solicitous displays,
For advantageous PEACE or glorious WAR;
Whether, with Heart undaunted, in the Field,
He stands, resolv'd to conquer or to die;
Or, on the boundless OCEAN's stormy Reign,
Rushes through Winds and Waves, in Quest of Foes?

Alas, those spotless WORTHIES are no more,
Whose Deeds at REPUTATION aim'd alone;

Coolly

Coolly deliberate *now* the Price is weigh'd,
And ev'ry Action duly bought and sold;
Rous'd by the simple Passion of RENOWN,
Who ventures from his Threshold's narrow Pale,
Champion of Honour, in his *Country's Cause*?
What but the mercenary Thirst of *Pay*
Invites, or rav'nous Hope of hostile Prize?

Whom low-born Misery to Want consigns,
Whom hungry Circumstances force from Home,
Wretches like *these*, no Blame can prosecute,
When driven by DESPAIR, they fall forth,
And sell their Limbs and Bodies to exist

To *You*, the Muse addresses her Reproof,
Whom *lineal* Splendor sets in open View;
Luxurious SLOTH, of WEALTH eternal Bane,
By BIRTH's Heroic Duty bound to fly,
And lead uninterrupted Lives of FAME;
In vain your boastful Pride the Name pretends,
Of celebrated Warriors, whence You sprung;
By Feats of Valour not unequal prove,
Liars, your Origin reproach who dare;
Arise—and let the Sluggards who refuse

SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

31

To draw the Sword their VANTY assumes,
Script of that Ornament they *falsely* wear,
Their heartless Privilege of Brood resign.

But is the gilded Youth who shines at BALLS,
The PLAIN, with equal Spirit, form'd to tread?
Or whom *polite* Assemblies have admir'd,
Proper to terrify the hardy Foe?
Or He, completest bred of modern Days,
Whose tuneful Soul exists in Song and Sound,
For Battle, Blood, and Death, the Man design'd?

Let such *hereditary* Right enjoy,
Of HONESTY and SENSE to live the *Scorn*;
To Social DUTIES lost, and only fit
To squander what kind Providence bestow'd.

Wisdom, alas! foresaw the Weight of Woe,
Th' inevitable Ills they had indu'd,
If left *Themselves* their Destiny to carve,
And touch'd with Pity, gave the boundless Store,
Their wanton Minds to DISSIPATION dooms;
To all, but *gen'rous* Ends, condemn'd a Prey.

Such

32 SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

SUCH Men, indignant Reason should have taught,
From pow'ful Pride of Avarice at Home,
VENALITY'S Allurements to disdain;
But they, as if Defiance was their Stile,
To Decency with God and Man proclaim'd,
CORRUPTION'S PRIME DIRECTORS fill the Chair,
Through ample PROSTITUTION'S wide Domain.

In vain the Sound of *Danger* shakes the Land,
Thir *sinking* COUNTRY claims their Help in vain:
For what is COUNTRY, where to SELF alone,
Inslav'd Attention turns the fardid Breast?
PLEASURE and WEALTH, in Life essential points,
Leave him but *these*, and seize on all the rest;
LAWS and RELIGION, through Quotation known,
When yearly Treats the wonted Toast require,
This you may trample on, and *those* invert,
Firmest Support of arbitrary Sway.

Sentenc'd to DEFAMATION, one and all,
IS UNIVERSAL CENSURE to prevail?

A FEW there are, whose Privileges still,
DISTINGUISH'D WORTH, with noble Blood allied,
The reverencing Muse with Joy surveys;

But

But such the Toil these Jewels to detect,
Hidden beneath the Mass of *gen'ral* Shame,
That where *one* Diamond glitters in the Mine,
What execrable Heaps of Dross abound?

But whence to GREATNESS this invet'rate Strain?
—Inspect the Tenor of the Scene *below*.

AMBITION, station'd on th' inferior List,
In want of Means, but not in Wilhes poor,
With each superior Infamy to vie.

The highest Pinnacle of PRIDE ascend;
Descend to MEANNESS in the *lowest* Class;
How few, with strict Sincerity of Heart,
Center their *private* Bliss in that of *all*;
And joy or grieve as *Members of a State*?

When Shouts triumphant fill the ringing Town,
And loud Applause with Victory resounds,
All Mouths are open in the loyal Roar,
And Silence is a Traitor to the Realm;
But seek the Pulse that beats to HONOR's Call,
That, fir'd with *Detestation at a Bribe*,
Would dash the Proffer in the Maker's Teeth,
And lose his Life, ere sacrifice his Soul:

E

—Alas,

—Alas, no Mortal whose Intentions pure,
Offer INTEGRITY'S unguinful Bait,
But whose exhaustless Hoards are longest told,
Defies weak MERIT'S unsuccessful Strife.

O thou whose Heart aspiring Rage devours,
Seek not of *vain Desert* the fruitless Show;
In Weight of *Treasures*, or dependent Tribes,
Blindly submissive to thy Call abound.

—Go, thou art qualified—for *what?*—for *all*;
In COURTS, in CAMPS, in SENATES to preside;
Whether in Offices of high Amount,
Careful to reap where thou hast never sown,
Feed IDLENESS enjoys thy Neighbour's Toil;
Or deep embroil'd in Matter too profound,
Thy Head lays brooding on—it *knows not what*;
Or to the *sleeping* Circle bolder grown,
Thy Tongue proclaims thy *Impotence of Mind*;
Or to the *military* Purple rais'd,
Thy trembling Hand directs *unskilful War*;
Go—thou art fit to wear thy COUNTRY'S Spoils,
To wallow in the Mire of *Place* and *Pay*,
And spurn of *starving Worth* the Rank obscure.

Where

Where are thy secret Haunts, O MERIT, found?
Deep in the Golden Mine's impervious Gloom,
Low in the Vale where *Want* and *Labour* dwell,
Or in the studious Solitude of Night?
Sit'st thou in *Sanctuaries of Temples* thron'd;
Plac'd where *blind Justice* holds her Scale and Sword;
Or in the Trade of *Murder's* dread Array?
Oh! whither fled?—far to the sober Verge
Of *Age*, or settled on the Bloom of *Youth*?
Has *Man* monopoliz'd thy Honors *all*,
Or shar'd them equal with his softer Sex?
Is Merit wholly dead?—No—but so *rare*,
That, Spirit like, 'tis seldom to be seen;
It hovers round us like CELESTIAL GRACE,
Willing to fix, but wanting our Consent.

O strong, O mighty Spirit of the Times—
Whose Influence pervades the Whole of Things,
Is felt by all, and disavow'd by none;
Pow'r of last Resort, whose dread Command,
All Subject to Mortality obey;

INT'REST—who has not *Thee* of all may boast,
And find his whole Possession but a Dream:

Let him derive from Heroes; let his Deeds
Equal the Splendor of his glorious Race;
Let ev'ry Eye behold him with Respect,
And ev'ry Voice his high Desert acclaim;
Let his exalted Parts unrival'd shine
In Intellectual Eminence supreme;
Foremost in Virtue's Radiance sublime,
In private Scenes his Monesty renown'd,
In Public, let his Honor be display'd,
His bright Abilities confess in all:
Conspicuous for each useful Art at Home,
In Feats of Arms invincible abroad;
INT'REST, thou *Arbiter*, thou *sovereign Rule*
Of all who live, and all who dare to die,
Fountain of *Infamy*, and Source of *Fame*,
By whom the Meanest rise, and Greatest fall,
Intrinsic Worth, that unavailing Plant,
Bereft of *Thee*, soon quickens to decay.

But if with INT'REST, that important Gift,
Propitious Fate has blest'd thee, *all is thine*.

Fortune presents a Senatorial Seat,
Vacant through Title, Pension, Place, or Death;
Pursue the wonted Means, thy House enlarge,

Open thy Purse, and let thy Liquor flow;
Soon thou shalt have Electors at Command,
On Gold and Merriment while Votes depend;

Thy restless Temper from Inaction loos'd,
Sighs for Commissions on the Land or Sea;
Lay forth in *solid Sterling* thy Pretence,
And soon thy *ready Warrant* shall be sign'd.

Intent on Dignities, or annual Fees,
Ambition or Rapacity prevails;
But crush thy lofty Mind's presumptuous Aim,
And seek Content—so seldom to be found—
Unless through Pride or Avarice subdued,
Thy Stores unlock'd the *settled Price* expose.

For such the Disposition of the Age,
That Great or Small, sworn Militants to *Pay*,
In Hopes to get, we chearfully bestow;
But let no glitt'ring Promise tempt the Sight,
And stubborn Sloth the Faculties assumes.

Then what a Train of Mischief would ensue?
Lo, *thund'ring Orators* with Silence struck,
No longer zealous in the barren Cause;
Lo, *frowning Warriors* throw their Arms away;
Senates, in sullen Mood, their Sessions break,

And

And *Statesmen* quit Reluctantly the Chair; *Must* yett apqo
For in this *common* Field, *Who* means to toll; last uolt neoe
Unless the Prime of Harvest to secure *Prime* bus bloo no

The Case is plain; for why should Man employ, yett
For *empty Thanks*, the Labour of his Brow *firm* O yett argie
Let each Account be stated just and clear; *bad* ni the not yett
The Workman sure is worthy of his Hire. *yet* not bus

O Muse—*who* thinks with Irony to wound, no *troubl*
Mistakes a Feather, for destructive Lead, *is* to no *troubl* A
With Lightning wing'd, found in an Evil Hour, *is* to *troubl*
Souls to dislodge, and thin the Face of Earth. *O* *is* to *troubl*

Speak angry TRUTH, and tell the Brazen Crew,
Licentious Villany so fully reigns,
That where DISSIMULATION once was held *is* to *troubl*
A necessary Cloak to cover Shame, *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
INQUIRY with Features unappall'd, *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
Triumphs abroad *unconscious* of a *Bliss*: *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
—Nor wonder, since *Respect* is now her own, *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
Profit and *Power*, *Cares* and *Applause*. *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*

Think you that Indignation is her Lot? *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
That vengeful Mortals, prodigal of Hate, *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*
Let loose their Tongues in contumelious Rage? *is* to *troubl* *is* to *troubl*

Their

Their humble Speech with Veneration fraught,
 With Words of HONORABLE Sense replete,
 And ev'ry brilliant Term devis'd to please,
 These human *Meanness* gathers to present,
 Like the false Foliage of a Paper Flow'r,
 Insipid Counterfeit of Scent and Life.

What else imports that hourly Strain of Lies
 URBANITY by Dunces only deem'd?
 That Coalition of Inanity,
 That e'en Stupidity has learn'd to loath?
 For what dull Blockhead ever understood
 The Phrase intended Meaning to express?

Envied Felicity of elder Days—

Who shall that *candid* Age of Men recall,
 Nature in whom, familiar to the Sight,
 Wanted both Art and Motives for Disguise;
 Whose Genius by VERACITY restrain'd,
 Deceitful Dealing never could attain.

We, better vers'd in all the various Tracts,
 Our Methods of REFINEMENT have induc'd,

The

SA TIRE S HON TH E T I M E S.

The double *Fence*, without offending, play, and rid T
And smile with Rancour's Deadliness at Heart, brow W. *Aliv*

O bright Perfection of these latter Times,
Delusive Charm of FLATTERY's golden Veil,
Of Mortals to conceal the darker Side;
Who shall sufficiently the Man extol,
Who, zealous for the Welfare of his Kind,
Invented *Thee* to keep the Whole in Peace?

O necessary Chain to bind us all:
To mark the Bounds of *Friendship* and of *Love*;
To settle Intercourse by Laws polite,
And teach SOCIETY to move by *Rule*.

TRUTH without *Thee* would ramble unconfi'd,
And breed eternal Jars throughout the World.

What tort'ring Passion must the SOLDIER feel,
When Tongues, no longer fraudulently hung
With Adulation's complimentary Flow,
For Hero, bravely born, t'assert the Field,
Bid him from Scenes beyond his Proof retire,
And fill the Task obscure by Fate assign'd?

What feather'd *Crests* eclips'd? what fall'n Cockades?
What *Sashes* hanging on the gilded Posts,

What

SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

What rusty Blades in solitary Shops,
Now grac'd with sworded Beaus, along the Strand

Lo, the GRANDEE, in Coach and Six immur'd,

Exalted from the Ground, that once he swept;

When hurried from the Lodgings next the Sky,

His Morning Labours made his Threshold shine;

Behold him flut'ring in th' *embroider'd* Gown,

The richest Figure in the Cavalcade;

View the proud Ensigns of affected State;

Primeval Meanneſs to Remembrance call;

What plac'd Him there? Uncommonneſs of Parts?

Genius and Senſe of Elevation rare?

Truth answers, *Parts adapted to the Times*;

Senſe to diſcover ev'ry Path to *Gain*,

Genius to keep, and *Talents to acquire*.

And now approach, with Reverence profound,

Subjects with *ſacred* Titles dignified;

Whoſe grave Appearance ſtrikes the Sight with Awe,

And *Lips* in Charity and Grace excel;

Who ſets him in the Youth directing Chair?

Who gives on VICE and FOLLY to deſcant,

(Unheeded Office of his airy Throne?)

F

What

What brings him to the DRANKEN's ample Seat,
Or with the Lordly MURRE binds his Brow?
—O TRUTH be silent, *lest* be backward blest.

Are PATRIOTS, not exempted from Reproof,
Whose guiltless Spirit glows with Public Fire;
Whose Labours and Attention, never spar'd,
The Service of the Realm alone profess?
Who shall that Soul of Opposition tell,
Exerted through their uncorrupted Lungs,
When Hints of black Designs in Whispers fly?
The Voice tremendous striking deaf and dumb,
And SENATES won by Prevalence of Sound:
Say, TRUTH, what Recompence wilt thou bestow?—
An upper Edifice contiguous stands;
Where struck with Superiority of Stile,
Lur'd by the Call, like Hawks in Quest of Prey,
They drop their Flight, and rest for Generations.

Ah, *prudent* Men, your Wisdom who can blame,
Since HONOR now by *Title* ranks alone;
VENALITY's quick Empire hast'ning on;
Well you foregust of *Honesty* the Fall;
Its utter Extirpation Root and Branch;
And led by Love Paternal to your Seed,

Barter'd

Barter'd your Reputation for a Badge,
Ennobling Them in Spite of Shame to You.

There *was* a Day recording Annals tell,
When Laurels purchas'd in *triumphant Fields*,
Or Wisdom in *debated Council* prov'd,
With Glory's Palm RIGHT HONORABLY grac'd:
When none to RANK or TITLE durst pretend,
Unless with *previous Dignity* secur'd
Against th' *impartial Scrutiny*, design'd
T' unfold their Deeds with Censure or Applause:
And add the *public Sanction's* Solemn Seal,
To *Worth's* Remuneration from the THRONE.

—Or if by *partial Fondness* blindly led,
Kings too elated with imperial Sway,
Stretch'd their Prerogative to Bounds unjust,
And shov'd *Rewards* where *no* Desert was known,
Soon did the SENATE's angry Voice resound;
And with unbiass'd Condemnation brand
The perjur'd Subject, whose unloyal Arts,
Fraught with dissimulative Zeal procur'd
Their misconducted Monarch's *odious* Choice.

SUCH was that *Astra* fam'd of vengeful Wrath,
When *Royal Favours* *wrongfully* bestow'd,

44 SATIRES ON THE TIMES.

Was by this injur'd Nation's stern Decree,
To long-delay'd Account severely brought;
When ill deserving Minions of the Crown,
Were by th' united Clannours of the Land,
Spite of the DIADEM's Protection vain,
To Justice *due* inexorably doom'd:

—Thus did a VILLIERS—execrated Name!—
Who impotent in all but *empty Pride*,
Madly presum'd with *unexperienc'd* Hand,
To grasp the Scepter of this mighty Realm,
Transfix'd at length with unexpected Fate,
The bloody Price of his Ambition pay;—
His *too* kind SOV'REIGN *did* with *fruitless* Toil,
Preserve him from the People's *public* Sword;
From lawless Height of Usurpation torn,
Fierce Indignation's unrelenting Rage,
The Guilty with its Dagger still pursu'd;
And by misguided FELTON's furious Arm,
Destroy'd the Traitor to his Country's Cause.
Thee, lovely Sex, shall Satire dare attempt?
For whom fond Mortals brave the dearest Ties
Of Parents, Friends, and Threats of fiercest Foes;
Whom INTEREST cannot stay, that strongest Chain
To bind, if ought can bind, the human Soul.

See

See the relenting Bosom sighs in Turn;
The willing Lips admit the sealing Kiss;
The melting Look soft sympathy betrays
Of ev'ry With a Lover's Eyes have told;
Kindness prevails, and mutual Vows are sworn;
In Hymen's filken Bands behold them join'd,
Blest in the Sweets of long expected Love;
What now remains but Scenes of lasting Joy,
Mutual Endearments, Passion ever young?
Will Truth in Contradiction still appear?

Wrapt in the Warm embraces of a Friend,
Her feeble Nature's Pliancy may prompt
Too oft in Pleasure's lawless Paths to stray,
Forgetful that she wears a Husband's Name;
But close your Eyes, or if your jealous Frame
Brooks not the Breach of matrimonial Faith,
Prepare to feel the Torments Hell reserves,
In fullest Vengeance for the worst of Crimes.

How prudently devis'd the *modern Rule*,
TRUTH to confine within its proper Bounds;
Left blunt and brutal, in its bold Career,
It trample on *Politeness* as a *Foe*,

And

And real Appellations fix on all, and good gainers all are
 The Patriot, in his Lordly Coach revell; and I gaily add
 Spurn the mean *Insect* rising from his Dung;
 Expose *Hypocrisy* in *Urban* array'd;
 Detect the *sculking Heart* in *Red* and *Lace*;
 And catch th' *adulterous Strumpet* in the *Fact*.

Proceed CIVILITY—shun all Offence—

His pleasing Tale let ev'ry Mortal hear—
 Tutor'd in equal Value to repay;
 Let each Denomination be rever'd,
Traders in *Wealth* and *Honesty* abound;
 Let all the *Military List* be *brave*,
Pious and *just*, whoever wears a *Gown*;
 Let *Patriots* be for *Corruption* fam'd;
 And wedded *Dames* for *Chastity* renown'd.
 Let thy *soft Pencil* gently touch the *Lines*,
 Which *Truth* *unfeign'd*, might misrepresent;
 Call not the sparing Hand that saves a *Mitre*,
 Yet sees his Brother starving at his Door,
 The Curse of *Avarice* completely grain'd,
 But *Prudence* mindful of his own Concerns.

Whose Tongue expatiates on the Feats of War,
 Yet circumspectful when the Danger's near,

Learnedly

Learned lies where he furthest seen,
Let not *Patron*, that villifying Tern,
Blame him for that in which He best excells,
SELF-PRESERVATION'S necessary Art.

How wrong, how false, must that Description prove,
That shew'd Projectors in the golden Mine,
Seizing rapaciously the hidden Ore,
And turning every Stream of Profit home?

Say that intent on Purity sublime,
The silent Maiden, who reserv'd and coy,
Male Haunts, with such remark'd Abhorrence flies,
Rapt into Contemplation of Delights,
Angels and Saints partake in Heav'n above,
Disdains the filthy Joys of Flesh and Blood.

Let FALSEHOOD thus *Reality* deface;
And spur *Civility* through thick and thin;
Preserve the Soul of Elegance in Vogue;
Let *tortur'd Sense* obey the Pow'r of *Speech*,
The Road of *Meaning*, Words no more frequent,
And drive *censorious Reason* from the Land.

For lo, the long predicted Tern is come;
The Tide of Revolutions yet unknown,
Shall totally subvert the Face of Things.

For on recording History, the
VIRTUE was held in
And deem'd of little use,
VICE met with Reprobation,
Of all Misfortunes to th' unhappy World;
Uncommon Parts were counted worth Applause,
And *Dulness* only to Contempt was doom'd—
Actions of Honor never fail'd to raise,
While Meanness sunk to Infamy and Scorn.

Now—what Utility will VIRTUE bring,
When Vice of each Reward has sole Command;
For who by bare Integrity ascends
To Wealth, to Power, to Fame, and to Fame?
—What are the Fruits neglected Talents yield,
When dull *Servility* the Prize obtains?
Or what shall noble Deeds their Owner gain,
When INTEREST and INTRIGUE are Means alone,
To rise in every Post of Church and State?
When Wealth in Indigence is ridicul'd,
Excluded from the Right of all Pretence,
And turn'd of Knaves and Fools the Jest of Shame?

F I N I S.

